

one eighty

by Spot's July

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Summary: melody, a girl from a bad family is caught in between where she is and where she wants to be

one eighty

> <meta name="Author"> 180(2) I wandered aimlessly down a street of New York city, bored out of my mind, i  
>was really hungry after not eating for a few days, so i started to think <br>about the best way to get some food. i could flirt with the greasy nasty  
>apple vendor, a man in his late thirtys i would guess, but every fiber in my <br>body-besides my stomach-were screaming no, so i did things the way i do when  
>i don't feel like seducing people, i got violent. ok don't go thinking <br>david and goliath, fight to the death type stuff, i'm talking innocent  
>violence, if such a term exists. I spotted my prey, and prepared for <br>action, i walked up to a little girl around 5 or 6, the real hoity toity  
>type, curled hair, frilly dress the works, the type to make a real fuss at <br>every dead bug, and spider web. she was looking at her shiny presumably new  
>white shoes as she walked towards her mother, i moved to her side and <br>tripped her with the toe of my boot watching in amusement as she went, arms  
>flailing, lungs screaming, into a puddle of mud. serves her right i thought <br>as i snuck back to the front of the apple cart, i watched as the vendor  
>turned to see what had happened just as i had planned and quickly took a big <br>green apple off the cart, casually backing away from the cart, almost  
>getting trampled by the brats outraged mother, i watched the nasty vendor <br>trying to pick up the mother with his lame lines i stood there waiting for  
>it, and when i heard the slap i knew the show was over, i smiled to myself <br>throwing the apple up in the air in catching it, success was wonderful. i

>did that a lot, stealing i mean, filching a little here and a little there, <br>didn't care much for the bug stuff-it was the people who were greedy that  
>got thrown in jail. sure i had some amount of money that i kept hidden from <br>my money mooching family, but why pay when you don't have to?

i guess i should introduce myself before i continue on with my life story,

>my name is melody spring, the one with the hair,i was often called since <br>there are so many kids in my family names could not be remembered. I had

>jet black hair that that curled at the bottom which was in the middle of my <br>back some place, i guess you could call me pretty, i have a pale complexion

>and huge green eyes, but what i'm really known for is the fact that I, <br>melody anne-marie spring age 16, was a pathological liar. what? you ask

>sweet innocent looking me a liar and a theif, well look deeper cause not <br>only am i a liar but a traitor and slut too. You see i had an affair not

>to long ago with my best friends boyfriend, nothing serious, in fact nothing <br>more then a fling, but she still went buck nutty on me, i was trying to feel

>guilty, but lets face it, friends come and friends go. <p>

Any way back to my journey down the road, i threw the core of my apple

>carelessly into an alley having finished it sometime ago, "what the?!" some <br>one yelled, i continued on, i heard someone running behind me, my hit and

>run victim i guessed, he ran in front of me blocking my path, i fixed him <br>with an icy stare, and stood there arms crossed waiting "you'se gotta woik

>on yer aim" he said pointing to the side of his head that was already <br>turning black and blue. "yeah sure" i said stepping around him and

>continuing to walk. he stood there dumb founded for a minuet before he ran <br>to catch up with me again "well i guess i can forgive you this one time" he

>said "i'm Dutchy" i looked at him "melody" i said shortly, i didn't really <br>want to be making small talk to anyone even if this boy was cute. "you in a

>hurry to get somewhere...melody?" he asked flashing me a charming grin, he <br>really was adorable, not my type but cute never the less. i decided to play

>off it, let the kid buy me lunch then leave and so replied a bit more nicely <br>" yeah, i'm really hungry i'm looking for a place to eat" "the apple wasn't

>enough?" ahh a wise ass i thought. "neah, and it tasted like shit, so you <br>gonna tell me where i can get some food or what?" "yeah sure" he said

>Tibby's i figured, this boy was obviously a newsie, and all newsies from <br>manhattan ate there. "i'll bring you to a charming little place called

>Tibby's" amazing isn't it?

<br>~~~~~

>when we got to Tibby's Dutchy pushed open the door, letting me go in first. <br>i looked around at the tables that were crowded with boys,

all newsies,  
>dressed in mis matched clothes, that we're either too big or too small. we <br>found room at a table for 4 that was already past it's maximum occupancy by  
>one, but we sat there never the less, elbow to elbow with other kids, all <br>eating and talking, smelling of smoke and a hard days work. "hey doll  
>face" someone said "who are you?" i looked at the kid, a short italian with <br>a smoking cigar sitting next to him well he ate "melody" i replied "not much  
>of a talker is she dutchy?" he asked. great another smart alex, just my <br>luck "did it ever occur to you that i just don't have anything to say?"  
>"no, it didn't" he said un daunted "'i'm racetrack higgins"  
"charmed" i <br>said spitting in my hand and holding it out to him, i'd seen one of my  
>little brothers do that. Racetrack looked surprised and kind of flustered <br>when the other kids at the table started to laugh at him, but then spit in  
>his own hand and shook mine. "so who are these other fine gentlemen?" i <br>asked looking around the table at the kids who we're watching me with  
>intrest "well you just met race, next to him is blink, mush, itey, and jack" <br>they all said hi, as there name was mentioned then went back to eating  
>their meals and talking, about things i would have been shocked to hear if i <br>wasn't me. "hey dutchy what happened to your head?" a kid with brown curly  
>hair asked, mush i think. "melodys what happened" he said "i need to work <br>on my aim" I confirmed. lunch passed and sure enough dutchy did foot the  
>bill. i wondered why i wasn't happy about this, I'd just gotten free food, <br>but something inside me told me that it wasn't right. never before in my  
>life did i ever have a conscience, so why I was feeling one now confused <br>me, and in all reality kind of pissed me off. I left tibby's with dutchy watching me go, i knew he knew what i had done,  
  
>and i knew i'd hurt him, both physically and mentally, i seemed to be good <br>at that, i wandered into central park and sat down on a bench that faced a  
>pond, and for the first time i thought about why i did what i did. i didn't <br>come up with an answer, i figured i never would, and it was getting dark  
>"shit" i mumbled my dad was going to kill me, the bastard was a drunk fool, <br>and would not be happy if he knew i spent the day messing up peoples minds  
>instead of looking for work, but if he thought i was going to slave away in <br>a factory all day just so he could get his booze he was dead wrong, he could  
>screw himself for all i cared. i walked towards my house in the bronx, <br>slowly, i was already going to get it, might as well enjoy fresh air well i  
>could, i pulled out a cigerette, a habit i didn't especially care for, but <br>ticked my parents off, which was enough to make me continue to do it, lit it  
>and stared off the side of the brooklyn bridge, "you lost?" i jumped a <br>little at the sound of someone behind me then turned around, to find myself  
>face to face with a boy a few inches taller then me, his eyes

penetrated <br>through mine as he stood there waiting for me to answer. "no, i'm not lost,  
>i just don't feel like going home" "whatever" the boy said obviously not <br>wanting my life story. i finished my cigarette and pulled out another one  
>"your parents know you smoke?" he asked "yup" "do they mind", "yup" "and <br>you do it anyway" he said smiling slightly "thats right" he laughed "your  
>my type of girl" he said nodding approvingly. "well thats nice to know and <br>all, but i gotta be going" i said, "can't you even tell me your name" he  
>asked as though i should have thought of that, hell he's the one who started <br>the converstaion. "melody" it was an all around conversation ender tone  
>that i used but he kept talking anyway, like it would be a crime not to want <br>to talk to him "i'm spot, the leader of the brooklyn newsies, i was one of  
>the leaders of the strike last year" he boasted. i counted my blessings, <br>two wise asses and a mr. high and mighty. great i thought sarcastically.  
>"well spot, it's great knowing that your so great and all, but i really need <br>to go" i walked away before he could hit on me, or worse yet, start talking  
>again. yeah this kid was cute too, and for some reason seemed like me, in a <br>way, but i had to think about myself too, not that thats ever been a  
>problem. anyway i got home without meeting anyone else i thought i could <br>easily fall in love with, and walked in the front gate, one of my little  
>brothers johnny who for some odd reason idolized me came running out the <br>door "melody!" he cried "daddy's mad again" big surprise i thought. "why  
>aren't you in bed yet?" i asked "cause i want to make sure daddy doesn't <br>hurt you" he said looking at me with the same green eyes as me. green eyes  
>are the spring family trade mark, "don't call him daddy" i said "and go to <br>bed, no ones gonna hurt me" if i cared at all for any of my sibilings it was  
>johnny <br>he ran inside and i finished my cigarette tossing it on the ground, then  
>climbed the steps and into the living room where frank, my dad, was <br>waiting. he was drunk as usual, and came at me staggering like a fool,  
>"melody? is that you?" my mom asked "yeah mom" i said watching frank pick <br>his way across the living room to get to me. even 6 feet way, i could smell  
>the liquor on him. my mom, who was pretty in a limp-rag doll kind of way <br>came into the living room from the kitchen wiping her hands with a towel.  
>"oh honey i was worried..." she as cut off by frank who had finally made it <br>to me, "you find a job yet girl?" "no" it was then that his fist met my  
>eye. it wasn't the first time, lets just say the two are well aquainted. i <br>didn't move, didn't cry out, just stood there waiting for him to be done,  
>and to pass out on the couch, he slapped me a few times then grabbed me by <br>my hair so close to his face i thought i'd suficate to death form the smell,  
>and breathed into my face "find work you useless whore, or i'll find work <br>for you" well i may not be the sharpest knife in the drawer

but i was  
>pretty sure i knew what kind of work he ment. he let go of me and staggered <br>over to the door, more then likly on his way to the bar. "Oh, melody" my  
>mother started. i looked at her, the dishtowel, was tightly wrapped <br>together form my her nervous fingers. 'let me put some ice on that" "mom,  
>i'm fine" i said shortly, then walked down the hall to the room where johnny <br>slept with my three other brothers. he was still awake "i heard what  
>happened melody, i thought you said he wouldn't hurt you" he whispered. i <br>looked at the kid, poor thing was so nieve, i felt badly for him, he was a  
>10 year old boy trying to protect his older sister who didn't want to be <br>helped. "johnny, i'm fine, he barely touched me, now go to sleep, you've got  
>school tomorrow" he fell asleep in seconds, i took his thin blanket and put <br>it around him, it was cold in our house even in july. i walked out of the  
>room and down to the room i shared with my younger sisters jamie, and <br>stacey. they were sleeping soundly, we had a good agreement going on, i  
>didn't care about them and in turn they didnt care about me. i walked to my <br>bed and threw myself on it, sleeping in my clothes.

i woke up the next morning early, way before, frank even woke from his  
>drunken state and headed out, no where in particular, just walking aimlessly <br>again. i somehow found myself in manhattan and just hoped my inner self  
>hadn't brought me here on a guilt trip about dutchy. my face was <br>throbbing, it looked really bad too, but what did i care. i was wandering  
>around the distribution office looking for something to do when i heard <br>someone call my name. i turned around and saw dutchy standing a few feet  
>away. he walked towards me "hey how's it going..." he saw my face and i <br>think he knew how it was going. "what the hell happend to you?" he asked,  
>"you didn't peg yourself with an apple this time did you" "haha" i said <br>dryly "actually you know how you said i had to work on my aim? well i  
>apparently have to work on my mobile skills cause i ran into a door" it was <br>a pretty obvious lie, and dutchy knew it, but he didn't say anything, and i  
>was glad, i didn't like people asking about my personal life, i didn't need <br>anyones sympathy, and i sure as hell didn't need there help.

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<br>"So what are you doing today?" he asked i couldn't beleive it, i used and  
>abused the kid and he was still talking to me like nothing happened. <br>"nothing in particualr" i said nonchelontly, no use letting him see my  
>surprise. "i gotta find myself some work, so i thought i'd walk around a <br>little see what was available to a poor uneducated girl" he looked at me,

>well not me more like my face and said "you plan on someone hiring you when <br>you look like you just got run over by a carriage?"  
"thanks" i said  
>sarcastically "and yes i do plan on having someone hire me...hopefully" <br>"well good luck" he said smiling slightly, probably thinking that i was  
>about to get what was coming to me. well i'd show him. or so i thought, <br>cause by noon my feet were killing me and i still didn't have a job. i  
>wandered down the street dragging my feet not paying attention to where i <br>was going when who should i run into but dutchy, literally. his papers went  
>flying along with him into the street, and i stood there on the sidewalk <br>wondering what the kid had done to deserve such a curse as me. i helped him  
>up and and watched as he brushed himself off "why aren't i surprised that you <br>were behind this?" he asked i shrugged and picked up some of his papers  
>for him, it was the least i could do, i handed them to him, mumbled a quick <br>sorry and kept walking. he grabbed my arm to stop me and i winced slightly  
>cause of the pressure he had applied to a bruise on my arm, "any luck <br>finding a job?" he asked once he had my attention "does it look like i've  
>had much luck?" i asked sarcastically "well i hate to tell you but i told <br>you so" "well isn't that nice?" i spat out starting to walk away again  
>"what happened to your face really?" he asked "none of your damn business" <br>"really?" he asked "you've thrown fruit at me, run me over, been mean and  
>bitter, i think i deserve some sort of explanation" "well i don't" i said, <br>despite the fact that what he had said was true. "common would you just  
>tell me, i mean maybe i could help" "why the hell would you want to help <br>me?" "because" he said in a low voice "for some odd reason i care about you,  
>and i know you need help" "well i don't need help from anyone thank you <br>very much" i said breaking out into a run all the way back to my house.

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~ <br>i heard his last words the entire way "one day you'll have to admit it,  
>admit it, admit it" damn him, i threw open the door to my house and walked <br>quickly to my room, kicking jamie and stacey out "hey!!" they yelled as the  
>door slammed behind me. i threw myself on my bed with the strange sensation <br>i was going to cry, which was stupid since i hadn't cried in lord knows how  
>long. so i sat there, for hours staring blankly at the wall, doing nothing. <br>i heard Frank come home, i heard the door slam, i heard the angry words,  
>the slap as he hit my mother, the angry, heavy foot steps coming down the <br>hall, the door slam open, and finally the cracking sound as he hit me on the  
>side of the head with a beer bottle, and then there was nothing.  
<p>

i woke up hours later much to my surprise and to my horror, why

couldn't i  
>just die already, anything to get me out of this hell. i could barely move, <br>my head was swollen and sticky from blood, i had a big cut going from my  
>shoulder to my elbow, bruises everywhere that i could feel rather than see. <br>my hair had blood in it too, it was matted and gross and i wondered how i'd  
>survived what frank had done to me. i tried to stand only to collapse back <br>on the bed, but i got up again anyway, grabbed my bag and crawled slowly and  
>painfully to my dresser, i took the only clothes i had and stole all the <br>money in there, both jamie and staceys life savings that they hid from frank  
>as well. they could live without it, frank never touched a hair on their <br>heads, he never hit any of the other kids, except johnny once when he'd  
>stuck up for me. i crept out the door looking around me to see if anyone <br>was watching, everyone was gone, who knows where, who cared? i left my  
>house, hopefully for the last time and made my way in the pouring rain to <br>the manhattan newsboys lodging house, stopping every few feet to rest. i  
>bit my lip trying to ignore the pain, but only succeeded in making that <br>split open too. i crawled up the fire escape, wet and slick from the sudden  
>down pour, and knocked on the window hoping a certain newsie would see me. <br>he did. dutchy opened the window, i watched as his face changed with his  
>emotions, shocked to see me, to horror. i was trembling from head to toe as <br>i whispered three words. "i need help"

he came outside picked me up like a mother picks up her baby, carried me in  
>through the window and sat me down on what i guessed was his bed. i moaned <br>once then passed out. when i woke up next sunlight was streaming in threw  
>the window and dutchy was sitting next to me. "melody, your awake" he said, <br>relief evident on his face "yeah nothing much can keep me down" i mumbled.  
>"what happened, did you get jumped?" he asked "no" i whispered closing my <br>eyes, trying to get away from the pain "Frank did it" "who's frank?" he  
>asked soothingly "my so called father" anger crossed his face and then <br>quickly vanished "how long have i been asleep?" i asked "6 days, the doctor  
>came, and said you might not make it, you had pneumonia" "am i better now?" <br>"i hope so" he answered. he got up "i'm going to go get the doctor to check  
>on you" "wait..." i cried " you said you cared about me, why?" "cause i <br>knew you needed help" and he left the room.

I'm better now, just turned 17. turns out that day my family moved leaving  
>me for dead, johnny ran away though, found me at the lodging house where i <br>lived and told me everything. I'm working at a hall now for a lady called  
>medda, serving drinks and such. i'm also going out with the aforementioned <br>spot conlon, turns out he isn't a jerk, just a cute guy with a big ego, but  
>thats cool, he's got confidence, we get along real well except for

our <br>occasional arguments cause we're both so damn head strong.  
i'm really close  
>to spot, but never in my life have i been so close to anyone as i am  
with <br>Dutchy. he's my best friend, someone i can trust my life  
with. i mean he  
>gave me my life, he saved me so many ways,i don't think he even  
knows. my <br>life did a complete 180, i went from being a miserable  
bitter person to  
>being someone with an honorable reputation and friends, my brother  
being one <br>of them. sometimes i think back, and wonder what ever  
happened to my  
>mom,and frank (well frank could rot in hell for all i cared) but  
each day <br>that passes by a little bit of melody spring seeps out  
and alittle bit of  
>raven (my new name) seeps in. and i think i speak for both johnny  
and me <br>when i say, i'm glad.

> <br>

End  
file.